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ALBERT AND MATILDA :

OR,

*THE FRIAR'S TALE.*

IN several convents situated among the mountains which divide France and Italy, a custom prevails that does honour to human nature : in these sequestered cloisters, which are often placed in the most uninhabited parts of the Alps, strangers and travellers are not only hospitably entertained, but a breed of dogs are trained to go in search of wanderers, and are every morning sent from the convents with an apparatus fastened to their collars, containing some refreshment, and a direction to travellers to follow the sagacious animal : many lives are by this means preserved in this wild romantic country. During my last visit to the South of France, I made a trip into this mountainous region, and at the convent of \* \* \* \*, where I was at first induced to prolong my stay by the majestic scenery of its environs ; as that became familiar, I was still more forcibly detained by the amiable manners of the reverend Father, who was at that time superior of the monastery :—from him I received the following pathetic narrative, which I shall deliver, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words.

"About twenty years ago (said the venerable old man) I was then in the

57th year of my age, and second of my priority over this house, a most singular event happened through the sagacity of one of these dogs, to which I became myself a witness. Not more than a dozen leagues from hence, there lived a wealthy gentleman, the father of Matilda, who was his only child, and whose history I am going to relate. In the same village lived also Albert, a youth possessed of all the world deems excellent in man, except one single article, which was the only object of regard in the eyes of Matilda's father. Albert, with a graceful person, cultivated mind, elegance of manners, and captivating sweetness of disposition, was poor in fortune ; and Matilda's father was blind to every other consideration ; blind to his daughter's real happiness, and a stranger to the soul-delighting sensation, raising worth and genius, depressed by poverty, to affluence and independence.—Therefore on Matilda's confession of unalterable attachment to her beloved Albert, the cruel father resolved to take advantage of the power which the laws here give a man, to dispose both of his daughter and his wealth at pleasure ; the latter he resolved to bequeath to his nephew Conrad, and Matilda was sent to a neighbouring convent where after a year's probation, she was to be compelled to renounce both Albert and the world.

"Conrad, whose artful insinuations had long worked on the mind of this misguided father, was not content with having thus separated these lovers, but by inciting persecution from the petty creditors of Albert, drove him from his home; and after many fruitless endeavours to communicate with his lost mistress, he fled for sanctuary to this convent. Here (said the hoary monk) I became acquainted with the virtues of that excellent young man, for he was our guest about ten months.

"In all this time Matilda passed her days in wretchedness and persecution; the Abbess of her convent, Sister Theresa, who, to the disgrace of her profession, and our holy church, disguised the disposition of a devil in the garment of a saint; became the friend and minister of Conrad's wicked purposes, and never ceased to persecute Matilda by false reports concerning Albert, urging her to turn her thoughts from him to that heavenly spouse to whom she was about to make an everlasting vow. Matilda scorned her artifice, and love for Albert resisted every effort of the Abbess to shake her confidence in his fidelity.

"She was in the last week of her novitiate, when her father became dangerously ill, and desired once more to see her. Conrad used every endeavour to prevent it, but in vain; she was sent for; and the interview was only in the presence of Conrad and the nurse; but when the dying father perceived the altered countenance of his once beloved child, his heart condemned him, he reflected that the wealth which he was going to quit for ever, belonged to her, and not to Conrad, and he resolved to expiate his cruelty by cancelling the will, and consenting to the union of Albert and Matilda. Having made a solemn declaration of this purpose, he called for the will; then taking Matilda's hand in one of his, and presenting the fatal writing with the other, he said, 'Forgive thy father! destroy his paper, and be happy; so be my sin forgiven in heaven!' The joy of his heart at this first effort of benevolence, was too much for his exhausted spirits, and he expired as he

uttered the last words, letting fall the will, which he was going to deliver.

"Matilda's gentle soul was torn with contending passions; she had lost her father at the moment when he had bestowed fresh life; and, in the conflict betwixt joy and grief, she sunk on the lifeless corps, in an agony of gratitude and and filial tenderness.

"Meanwhile Conrad did not let slip this opportunity to complete his plan, which, by the dying words of his uncle had been so nearly defeated; he secured the will, and corrupted the nurse by promises and bribes, never to reveal what she had witnessed; half persuading the interested doating old woman, that it was only the effect of delirium in the deceased. This idea was but too well supported by the first question of Matilda, who exclaimed, as she came to herself, 'where am I! sure 'tis a dream! my father could not say I should be happy, he could not bid me tear that fatal will? Speak! am I really awake, or does my fancy mock me with such sounds?' The artful Conrad assured her that nothing of the kind had ever passed, telling her that her father had only mentioned Albert's name to curse him; and, with his last breath, commanded her to take the veil at the expiration of the week. All this the perjured nurse confirmed; and then Matilda, being perfectly recovered, first saw the horrors of her situation. It was in vain for her to deny what they asserted, or remonstrate against their combined perfidy. She was presently, by force, again conveyed to her nunnery, in a state of mind much easier to imagine than describe.

"Here she was more violently than ever attacked by Theresa's persecution, who urged with increasing vehemence, the pretended positive commands of her dying father; and by the advice of Conrad, used severities of conventual discipline, which almost robbed the devoted victim of her reason; still pleading, that Religion justified her conduct. Can it be wondered, that such cruel treatment should at length disturb the piety and faith of poor Matilda? and induce her to exclaim, with presumptuous bitter-

ness, against the holy institutions of our church, and brand the sacred ordinances of our religion with unjust suspicions? 'Why,' said she, 'why are these massy grates permitted to exist, why are these hated walls, sad prisons of innocence and youth, where fraud and cruelty have power to torture and confine the helpless? Religion is the plea; Religion! which should bring peace, and not affliction, to its votaries; then surely that Religion which justifies these gloomy dungeons must be false, and I abjure it; yes! I will fly to happier regions, where prisons are allotted only to the guilty; there, no false vows to heaven are exacted, but Albert and Matilda may be yet happy. The possibility of an escape had never before presented itself, and indeed, it could never have occurred but to one whose reason was disordered, for she well knew that the doors were secured by many bars and locks, and that the keys were always deposited beneath the pillow of the Abbess.

"Her imagination was now too much heated to attend to any obstacles, and with a mixture of foresight, inspired by insanity, she packed up all her little ornaments of value, carelessly drew on her clothes, and put in her pocket some bread and provision which had been left in her cell; then wrapping round her elegant form one of the blankets from the bed, she lighted a taper, and fearless walked towards the cloister door, idly expecting that it would fly open of its own accord, to innocence like her's—and now, methinks I see her, with hair dishevelled, face pale and wan, her large black eyes wildly staring, and the whole of her ghastly figure, lighted by the feeble glimmer of her taper, majestically stalking through the gloomy vaulted hall; arrived at the great door, she found it partly open, and scarce believing what she saw, she quickly glided through it; but as she passed, an iron bar, which she had not observed, and which projected at the height of her forehead, slightly grazed her temple;—and though she scarcely felt the wound, yet it added new horrors to her look

by covering her ghostlike face with streaks of blood.

"Although Matilda had never considered the improbability of passing this door, she now reflected with wonder how she had passed it, and fear of a discovery, began to operate, as she with more cautious steps moved silently through the cloister towards the outer-gate; which when she approached, she heard Theresa's voice whispering these words: 'Adieu, dear Conrad; but remember that your life, as well as mine, depends on the secrecy of our conduct.' Then tenderly embracing each other, a man ran swiftly from her, and the Abbess turning round, stood motionless with horror at the bloody spectre firmly approaching. The guilty mind of Theresa could only suppose the horrid vision to be the departed spirit of one whom she thought her cruelties had murdered;—and while the panic seized her whole frame, a gust of wind from the gate, extinguishing the taper, Matilda seemed to vanish, as she resolutely pushed through the postern door, still open.

"Theresa was too well hackneyed in the ways of vice, to let fear long take possession of her prudence; the night was dark, and it would have been in vain to pursue the phantom, if her recovering courage had suggested it; she therefore resolved to fasten both the doors, and return in silence to her own apartment, waiting, in all the perturbation of anxiety and guilt, 'till morning should explain this dreadful mystery.

"Meanwhile Matilda conscious in her innocence, and rejoicing in her escape, pursued a wandering course through the unfrequented paths of this mountainous district, during three whole days and nights; partly supporting her fatigue by the provisions she had taken with her, but more from a degree of insanity, which gave her powers beyond her natural strength; yet, in her distracted mind, the last instance of Theresa's wickedness, had excited a disgust and loathing, bordering on fury against every religious or monastic institution.

The monk had proceeded thus far, when he was called away to attend the



duties of his convent, and promised to continue the narrative at his return.

The Father soon returned, and proceeded with his narrative as follows:

"During the whole twelve months of Matilda's noviciate, no intercourse of any kind had passed betwixt her and Albert, who continued under the protection of this house, alike ignorant of her father's death, and of all other transactions which I have now related; yet knowing that the term of her probation was about to expire, he resolved once more to attempt some means of gaining admittance to her convent. With this view, he made a journey thither in the disguise of a peasant; and, on the very morning in which his mistress had escaped, he presented himself at the gate.

"Conrad, who had by letter from the Abbess been informed that her prisoner was fled, was desired to come immediately and devise some excuse to the sisters for what had happened: for, although both to Conrad and Theresa the fact was evident enough, yet the sister nuns were distracted in conjectures:---'till by one of those artful stretches of assurance, which consummate villainy finds it easy to exert, Conrad recommended a plausible expedient.—And now Religion (that constant comfort of the good, and powerful weapon of the wicked) presented itself, as the only resource in this emergency. Theresa was taught to say (for the present) that she had no doubt the sinful reluctance of Matilda to receive the veil had excited the wrath of Heaven; and that she was miraculously snatched away or perhaps annihilated, to prevent the dreadful profanation of the holy ceremony at which she must that day have assisted.

"This plan had been settled, and Conrad was going with all haste in pursuit of the fugitive, when at the outer gate, he met the pretended peasant.---The penetrating eye, either of Love or Hatred, soon discovers a friend or enemy, however carefully disguised.—Conrad and Albert knew each other. Instantly the flames of hatred, jealousy, and fury, kindled in their bosoms; and Conrad seizing Albert by the throat,

exclaimed, 'I've caught the villain, the sacrilegious ravisher!'—A severe struggle ensued, in which Conrad drew his sword; but Albert (who had no weapon) dexterously wrenched the instrument from the hand of Conrad, and plunged it in his bosom.---The villain fell; while Albert fled with the utmost precipitation from the bloody scene, and returned in the evening to this convent."

(To be concluded in our next)

### LAW LESSONS;

OR THE WAY TO EXAMINE A WITNESS.

*Dram. Personæ—The Barrister--The Witness*

B. Call John Tomkins.

W. Here—(is sworn.)

B. Look this way--What's your name?

W. John Tomkins.

B. John Tomkins, eh! and pray, John Tomkins, what do you know about this affair?

W. As I was going along Cheapside;

B. Stop, stop! not quite so fast, John Tomkins. When was you going along Cheapside?

W. On Monday the 26th of June.

B. Oh, oh! Monday, the 26th of June—And pray, now, how came you to know that it was Monday the 26th June?

W. I remember it very well.

A. You have a good memory, John Tomkins—here is the middle of November, and you pretend to remember your walking along Cheapside in the end of June.

W. Yes, Sir, I remember it as if it was but yesterday.

B. And pray, now, what makes you remember it so very well?

W. I was then going to fetch a midwife.

B. Stop there, if you please. Gentlemen of the Jury, please to attend to this—So, John Tomkins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch a midwife. Now answer me directly—look this way, Sir—what could you possibly want with a midwife?

W. I wanted to fetch her to a neighbour's wife, who was ill a-bed.

B. A neighbour's wife ! What, then, you have no wife of your own ?

W. No, Sir.

B. Recollect yourself ; you say you have no wife of your own ?

W. No, Sir, I never had a wife.

B. None of your quibbles, friend ; I did not ask you if you ever had a wife. I ask you if you have now a wife ? and you say no.

W. Yes, Sir ; and I say truth.

B. Yes, Sir ! and no, Sir ! and you say truth ! we shall soon find that out. And was there nobody to fetch a midwife but you ?

W. No ; my neighbour lay ill himself.

B. What ! did he want a midwife too !  
(a loud laugh.)

W. He lay ill of a fever ; and so I went, to serve him.

B. No doubt, you are a very serviceable fellow in your own way.—But pray, now, after you had fetched the midwife, where did you go ?

W. I went to call upon a friend—

B. Hold ! what time in the day was this ?

W. About seven o'clock in the evening.

B. It was quite day-light, was it not ?

W. Yes, Sir, it was a fine summer-evening ?

B. What ! is it always day-light in a summer-evening ?

W. I believe so—(smiling).

B. No laughing, Sir, if you please ! this is too serious a matter for levity.—What did you do when you went to call upon a friend ?

W. He asked me to take a walk ; and, when we were walking, we heard a great noise—

B. And where was this ?

W. In the street.

B. Pray attend, Sir—I don't ask you whether it was in the street—I ask what street ?

W. I don't know the name of the street ; but it turns down from—

B. Now, Sir, upon your oath—do you say you don't know the name of the street ?

W. No, I don't.

B. Did you never hear it ?

W. I may have heard it : but I can't say I remember it.

B. Do you always forget what you have heard ?

W. I don't know that I ever heard it ; but I may have heard it, and forgot it.

B. Well, Sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way to make you remember it.

W. I don't know, Sir ; I would tell it if I knew it.

B. O ! to be sure you would ; you are remarkably communicative.—Well, you heard a noise, and I suppose you went to see it too ?

W. Yes ; we went to the house where it came from.—

B. So ! it came from a house, and pray what kind of a house ?

W. The Cock and Bottle, a public-house.

B. The Cock and Bottle ! why I never heard of such a house. Pray what has a cock to do with a bottle ?

W. I can't tell ; that is the sign.

B. Well—and what passed then ?

W. We went in to see what was the matter, and the prisoner there—

B. Where ?

W. Him at the bar, there ; I know him very well.

B. You know him ? how came you to know him ?

W. We worked journey-work together once ; and I remember him well.

B. So ! your memory returns : you can't tell the name of the street, but you know the name of the public-house, and you know the prisoner at the bar.—You are a very pretty fellow ! And pray what was the prisoner doing ?

W. When I saw him, he was—

B. When you saw him ! did I ask you what he was doing when you did not see him ?

W. I understood he had been fighting.

B. Give us none of your understanding—tell us what you saw.

W. He was drinking some Hollands and water.

B. Are you sure it was Hollands and water ?

W. Yes ; he asked me to drink with him, and I just put it to my lips.

B. No doubt you did, and I dare say

did not take it soon from them. But now, Sir, recollect you are upon oath--look at the jury, Sir--upon your oath, will you aver, that it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes, it was.

B. What! was it not plain gin?

W. No; the landlord said it was Hollands.

B. O! now we shall come to the point--the *landlord* said! Do you believe every thing that the landlord of the Cock and Bottle says?

W. I don't know him enough.

B. Pray what religion are you of?

W. I am a protestant.

B. Do you believe in a future state?

W. Yes.

B. Then, what passed after you drank the Hollands and water?

W. I heard there had been a fight, and a man killed; and I said, "O! Robert, I hope you have not done this:" and he shook his head--

B. Shook his head! and what did you understand by that?

W. Sir!

B. I say, what did you understand by his shaking his head?

W. I can't tell.

B. Can't tell!--Can't you tell what a man means when he shakes his head?

W. He said nothing.

B. Said nothing! I don't ask you what he said--What did you say?

W. What did I say?

B. Don't repeat my words, fellow;--but come to the point at once.--Did you see the dead man?

W. Yes; he lay in the next room.

B. And how came he to be dead?

W. There had been a fight, as I said before--

B. I don't want you to repeat what you said before.

W. There had been a fight between him and the--

B. Speak up--his lordship don't hear you--can't you raise your voice?

W. There had been a fight between him and the prisoner--

B. Stop there--pray, when did this fight begin?

W. I can't tell exactly; it might be

an hour before. The man was quite dead.

B. And so he might, if the fight had been a month before--that was not what I asked you. Did you see the fight?

W. No, it was over before we came in.

B. We! What we?

W. I and my friend.

B. Well--and it was over--and you saw nothing?

W. No.

B. Gem'men of the jury, you'll please to attend to this--he positively swears he saw nothing of the fight.--Pray, Sir, how was it that you saw nothing of the fight?

W. Because it was over before I entered the house, as I said before.

B. No repetitions, friend.--Was there any fighting after you entered?

W. No, all was quiet.

B. Quiet! you just now said you heard a noise--you and your precious friend.

W. Yes, we heard a noise.

B. Speak up, can't you; and don't hesitate so.

W. The noise was from the people crying and lamenting--

B. Don't look to me--look to the jury--well, crying and lamenting.

W. Crying and lamenting that it happened; and all blaming the dead man.

B. Blaming the dead man! why, I should have thought him the most quiet of the whole--(another laugh)--But what did they blame him for?

W. Because he struck the prisoner several times, without any cause.

B. Did you see him strike the prisoner?

W. No; but I was told that--

B. We don't ask you what you was told--What did you see?

W. I saw no more than I have told you.

B. Then why do you come here to tell us what you heard?

W. I only wanted to give the reason why the company blamed the deceased.

B. O! we have nothing to do with your reasons, or their's either.

W. No, Sir, I don't say you have.



B. Now, Sir, remember you are upon oath---you set out with fetching a mid-wife; I presume you now went for an undertaker.

W. No, I did not.

B. No! that is surprising; such a friendly man as you! I wonder the prisoner did not employ you.

W. No, I went away soon after.

B. And what induced you to go away?

W. It became late; and I could do no good.

B. I dare say you could not---And so you come here to do good, don't you?

W. I hope I have done no harm---I have spoken like an honest man---I don't know any thing more of the matter.

B. Nay, I shan't trouble you farther; (*witness retires, but is called again.*)---Pray, Sir, what did the prisoner drink his Hollands and water out of?

W. A pint tumbler.

B. A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

W. I don't know---it is a glass that holds a pint.

B. Are you sure it holds a pint?

W. I believe so.

B. Aye, when it is full, I suppose---You may go your ways, John Tomkins.---A pretty hopeful fellow that. [*Aside.*]

#### ON THE EXISTENCE OF A DEITY.

"---A God-head reigns.

YOUNG.

IT appears to me incompatible with reason, that any intelligent and reflecting being should for a moment doubt the existence of a God. The *deist*, who in his disbelief of religion gratifies every unhallowed passion and in his impatience of restraint bursts asunder the necessary restrictions of morality, may indeed, in the hour of festivity, assert that he has no superior and the universe no creator; yet he asserts what he cannot even doubt, thinking in the excess of vanity, that blasphemy adds dignity to his character. Such was the case with Voltaire. His frequent denial of the existence of a Deity could not have been sincere, because sincerity in this is only the concomitant of ignorance.

He lived in a country almost universally corrupt, a vast number of the inhabitants constituting a sect of which he was the leader, and like him paid their adorations to no other deity than human reason. He who denied most the existence of things which came within the cognizance of his senses, was styled the man most perfect in his reason. To preserve therefore this character of perfection it is no wonder, that Voltaire, in contradiction to the strongest evidence of his senses denied the existence of a God.

In every age, and in every country of the world, mankind have paid their adorations to some being, whom they regarded as their creator and protector. The inhabitants of the wilderness and the desert, ignorant as they are, and with views confined within the narrowest limits, cannot behold themselves and the universe without acknowledging they were created by some superior being. This circumstance, while it furnishes a strong argument in favour of the being of a God, sufficiently refutes the assertion, that an intelligent being can even doubt it. It is absurd to suppose that a theme which animates the savage in his hut, and the hottentot in his hamlet, can be discarded from the breast of the philosopher as the idle tale of ignorance or the phantom of tradition.

At every step we tread, we behold new traces of the deity.---We view him in the silence of the night and in the turbulence of the day, we hear him in the zephyr and in the tempest. When the atheist has cast his eyes to the heavens and viewed the stupendous concave of suns and worlds "wheeling unshaken through the void immense," let him in the madness of reason assert that they created themselves---But let intelligent beings enjoy the comfortable belief, that the universe is the production of an omnipotent Creator. Did I believe that an intelligent being would demand mathematical demonstration of this belief so self evident, so incontrovertible, I would not hesitate a moment to offer it. I believe that ignorance and prejudice alone will demand it, and

with ignorance and prejudice I have nothing to do. Let it suffice that he who cannot doubt the evidence of his senses, cannot doubt the existence of a God.

"And if a God there be, that God how great."

Our eyes are filled with admiration at the contemplation of an extensive river or a lofty mountain, but when we compare the river with the ocean or the mountain with the earth, they become lost in the contrast, and as trivial as a drop of the bucket or a grain of sand. If we compare the whole earth, attended with its mountains, and rivers, and ocean, with the sun, how wide the difference—but if we place the whole universe in the scale, we are struck with the most awful wonder at the contrast, and confounded in the contemplation of its magnitude. "Were the sun"—(says Mr. Addison, very beautifully) "which enlightens this part of creation utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand on the sea shore. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of creation to the other. Undoubtedly the universe has bounds prescribed to it, but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in; how can our imagination set bounds to it. If then the universe, is so stupendous, so infinite, so incomprehensible, how stupendous, how infinite, how incomprehensible is its great Creator! If a river or a mountain fills our minds with the idea of sublimity, where shall we find space sufficient for him "who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand, who weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

In reading in the records of past ages of nations, boundless in their extent, swarming with inhabitants, overflowing with all the luxuries of life, placed under the sovereign controul of one man, we pause and contemplate the mighty subject. We behold the monarch surround-

ed by armies "numerous as the locusts of the summer, and resistless as the blasts of pestilence," holding as it were in his hand the destiny of millions, and we are lost in amazement. If the contemplation of a being like ourselves exalted to grandeur, fills the mind with ideas of sublimity, what language can express, what heart conceive, the greatness of him, in whose sight the mighty monarch is a worm, at whose command the universe arose out of chaos, by whose wisdom it is upheld, and by whose power it can be annihilated; for even according to the theory of Dr. Hershell, the planets have their satellites revolving around them, these in like manner revolve round the sun; the sun with the system of which it is the centre, revolve round another and a greater system, these two systems revolve round another, and so on until the whole stupendous fabric revolves around the Almighty architect. Even this consideration, grand as it is, does not give us a perfect idea of the Deity; he is eternal, how can his duration be comprehended by the creature of a day! he is omnipotent, how can his power be imagined by a frail child of the dust! he is omnipresent, how can his existence be conceived by a being whose deepest penetration cannot discover the events of the next moment of his existence.

Son of presumption! now look on thyself and tremble. Why art thou vain, thou perishable dust of the earth? Cast thy eyes on the ground—within a space, narrow and insignificant as thy body, within this sod upon which thou walkest in the steps of pride, shall thyself and thy vanity be buried forever, and like the innocent beggar, whom thou hast so often spurned from thy door, shalt thou become food for worms, but unlike him, thy soul shall be a prey to torment, while his shall repose in the bosom of his maker.—*Fed. Republican.*

When you find yourself out of humour, drink three glasses of wine; but, if your bad humour be occasioned by wine, then drink as many draughts of cold water.



## THE LADIES' FRIEND.

*Historical Extract—and Application.*

THE Roman Republicans were plain men and women, accustomed to daily labour, and quite unaccustomed to finery of apparel, or luxury of living. A Roman of noble blood tilled his little field with his own hands, and was proud of tilling it with superior industry and skill; whilst his lady, if lady she might be called, made it her chief ambition to be an excellent housewife. While this state of things lasted, and a very long time it did last, the Romans were eager enough to get themselves wives.—They married generally, and they married young; for they thought and well they might, that whosoever found a wife, found a good thing, a real helpmate, as well as a dear and faithful companion. And what is singularly remarkable if true, it is recorded by a Roman historian, that there had not been known, in the city of Rome, a single instance of divorcement during five hundred years; though the law had put it in the power of the husband to repudiate his wife almost at pleasure.

Unfortunate for the Roman Republic, and more especially for the female part of it, a great splendid event quite changed the morals,—the taste and habits, and the whole of the country. One hundred and ninety years before the christian era, the Romans for the first time, entered into Asia with an army, which under Scipio, defeated and conquered Antiochus the Great, King of Syria; and from thence they brought home such a taste for the luxuries of the east, as promoted and hastened the ruin of their commonwealth; and in no way more directly, than by a practical forbiddance of marriage.

The Roman women once so plain, frugal and industrious, became enamoured of the costly finery that was brought from the east. One of them named Julia Paulina, when dressed in all her jewels, is said to have worn to the value of three hundred and thirty two thousand pounds sterling. And though this was the most extraordinary instance of the time, yet it is reasonable to suppose that the rest of the ladies every one

strove to get as near the top of the fashion as she could; and that with all the females who thought any thing of themselves, the rage was to be fine and fashionable.

This new order of things while it precipitated the republic into the abyss of ruin, brought marriage almost into disuse; insomuch that Augustus, the first Roman Emperor, finding among the men a general disinclination to marriage was fain to pass severe penal laws, to force them as it were into the bonds of matrimony.—But it was all to no purpose. Despot and tyrant as he was, he found it impossible to compel the bachelors to marry, as Peter the first long since did to compel the Russians to shave off their beards.

Was it owing to the licentiousness of the men? Considerably it was, no doubt; but not altogether. It was partly owing to their prudence. A Roman Bachelor naturally enough would commune with himself thus; “these extravagant flirts, of whose attire a single article cost more than one of them would earn in her whole life time, are fit only for show. I like mighty well to be in their company at court and assemblies; but the gods save me from an union with any of them! If I marry, unless she bring me a fortune with her, she will quickly devour mine.—Wherefore I will look out for *number one* only, in spite of the edicts of the Emperor.”

Consider, ye *American Fair*, that in all times and countries the like causes will produce the like effects.—*Bos. Int.*

## THE LOUNGER.

I have, at different times, received epistles from the ladies, retaliating upon our sex for the impertinent remarks which are so often made upon their dress. A disinclination to engage in the warfare between the two parties, has prevented their publication. While I acknowledge the spirit and point of most of those letters, I hope my fair correspondents will not impeach the motives which withheld them from the publick. If they suspect those motives, I trust I shall remove the suspicion by

declaring myself utterly opposed to any interference of our sex with their dress. They may dress *high* or *low*, barricade themselves in quilts and ruffs, as in Queen Elizabeth's time ; shelter themselves beneath the less formidable habiliments of modern days ; or follow the example (as, it is said, they are about to do) of the Princess of Wales, and parade in a turban and trowsers ;---I shall not open my lips on the subject.

Several years ago, I undertook, as was the fashion, to laugh at a couple of fair cousins, with whom I then lived, about the ridiculous dress of the ladies. I was soon glad, however, to abandon the attempt, as I found they were at no loss to retort the laugh. They desired to know if I had stolen from their wardrobe in order to decorate my *great coat*, and what fire-man had been kind enough to give me his *buckets* for a pair of *boots*.---They did not stop here. They rumaged the house, and brought forward all the droll-looking articles of dress they could find. Among others, an old high-crowned hat, which looked like a sugar-loaf inverted, afforded them a fund of merriment. They could not imagine how we got our heads into such hats ; for as they supposed the hat fitted the head, it appeared impossible I could ever put it on, as the opening was at the smaller end. In this strain they continued their railery without intermission, until I was absolutely compelled to cry for quarter, and promise never again to laugh at their dress. But, even to this day, they have not forgotten their sport, and whenever I meet them they contrive to make merry at my expense. When I last saw them, they took a great deal of pleasure in comparing my low, no brimmed-hat with the lofty, sugar-loaf-shapen head dress which I once wore ; and they took occasion from the length of my *surtout* to congratulate me on the removal of the *petticoat* from my shoulders.

My readers will allow I have some reason for thinking it best to let the ladies dress alone ; and my fair friends will no longer distrust my sincerity, when I say I am disposed to let them

dress as ridiculously as they please, without hinderance or molestation,---  
—*Massachusetts Spy.*

### VARIETY.

#### BURNS.

Burns was a favored bard. The strains of his muse were the inspiration of nature. Though combatting the want of education, he rose to poetic excellence. Reared amid the heaths and rugged hills of his native country, far from the friendly illuminations of science, his genius expanded like the wild flower that unfolds its beauties in the desert.

" Could blew the bitter biting north  
Upon his early humble birth,  
Yet cheerfully he glistened forth  
Amid the storm."

His numbers are fraught with simplicity.—They breathe the warm language of the heart. While listening to his lays, we feel, by turns, the raptures of love ; the wildness of joy ; the despondency of grief ; the appallings of terror. We are involuntarily borne upon the wings of undirected fancy, and sweetly partake of all his poetic visions.

#### HISTORICAL CURIOSITY.

During the troubles in the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London in search of a place, as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his own family as a servant, and after a while married her ; but he died while she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune.---The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in law, to settle her husband's affairs. Hyde, (who was afterwards the Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. & mother of Mary & Ann, queens of England.

## EXTRAORDINARY PIGEON.

There is a pigeon in the possession of a Landlord at Cheltenham twelve years old, which, a few years ago, was deserted by his faithful partner, after having had many young ones by her.—The old pigeon took it much to heart; she went off with a strange pigeon. Two years after this event, she returned, but the old pigeon beat her most severely, and at first would not receive her. However in the evening she made good her quarters, but not without a second chastisement. She died a few days ago, immediately after which the old pigeon took wing, and in an hour or two returned with a new partner.

## PEDESTRIANISM.

The late London papers abound with pedestrian feats; in one of which a man is said to have run 2 miles in ten minutes.—Another, called Old Barnet, a man 72 years of age, was to start the 14th Sept. for a wager, to walk 1500 miles in 32 days. The many accounts this way published in the London papers, leading a Boston Editor to suppose that all the men and women in England were turned pedestrians, has given the following lines;

'Mongst Kiddies of the present age,  
Peculiar sports have each their rage:  
Of late—'twas boxing bore the sway;  
Next badger baiting had its day;  
Then donkey-racing, 'quite in style,  
Then bang up Jockies pleas'd awhile:  
And now—to launch some novel fun—  
Walking, in turn, is all the run!

## RECOLLECTION.

A noble Lord once asked a country Clergyman, who was dining at the bottom of the table, why the goose was always placed next the parson.—'Really,' said he, 'I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose again without thinking of your Lordship.'

Mrs. Siddons once sat for her portrait to a Mr. Scot, of North Britain, who observed her nose gave him much trouble.

"Ah!" said she, "Gansborough was a good deal troubled in the same way." He had altered and varied the shape a long time, when at last he threw down the pencil, saying 'D—n the nose!—there is no end to it!'"

## DESPAIR.

Despair, as it respects the business and events of life, is an uneasy and impolitic passion. It antedates a misfortune, and *torments* a man *before his time*. It spreads a gloominess upon the soul, and makes her live in a dungeon beyond the notion of pre-existence. It preys upon the vitals, like the vulture of Prometheus, and eats out the heart of all other satisfactions. It cramps the powers of nature, cuts the sinews of enterprize, and gives being to many cross accidents, which otherwise would never happen. To believe a business is impossible is the way to make it so. How many feasible projects have miscarried by despondency; and been strangled in the birth by a cowardly imagination! Beside, despair makes a despicable figure; and descends from a mean original. It is the offspring of fear, of laziness and impatience. It argues a defect of spirits and resolution; and oftentimes of honesty too.—"Such an expectation," says a timid adventurer, "will never come to pass; therefore I will give it up and go and fret myself."—How do you know that?—Can you see the utmost limits of nature, and are you acquainted with all the powers in being? Is it so easy to pronounce on all the alterations of time and accident, and to fore-see how strangely the balance of force and inclination may be turned?—While the object of my endeavour is fair and defensible, I would not quit my hold, as long as it is within the reach of Omnipotence. I would not despair, unless I know the irrevocable decree was past; unless I saw my misfortune recorded in the book of fate, and signed and sealed by necessity.

A man of bright parts has generally more indiscretions to answer for than a blockhead.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### ADDRESS

TO THE ABSENT CORRESPONDENTS OF  
THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

COME children of minstrelsy why do you<sup>r</sup>  
harps

No longer resound thro' the Muses broad  
dome ?

The posthumous writer your vacancies fill,  
And the hand of the copiest revels alone :

Oh why do your harps hang in silence un-  
strung ?

Oh why sleeps the song and forgotten the  
lay ?

Are the muses less worthy thy love and  
esteem

Than when they first taught thy young  
fingers to stray

O'er the light-woven harp ! on whose soft  
yielding strings

Ye so often have prov'd the bright magic  
of song,

Some pleasing illusion, some vision of truth,  
Which dear to 'rapt fancy would memory  
prolong.

Oh say have ye cess'd to remember those  
joys ?

Then hasten the god of the harp to ap-  
pease,

For Apollo bewails that his votary's are  
dull,

And loudly complains of his young absen-  
tees.

ELLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A NEWS-PRINTER AND HIS  
CASH-COLLECTOR.

Printer.—Well, sir, and what have you  
brought me to-day ?

Collector.—I have brought you *myself*—and  
that's all I've to say.

P.—No money, no dollars in specie or notes

C.—Not a sixpence, a shilling, to moisten  
our throats.

P.—Bless me !—and how do they think that  
we live ?

C.—They think not of that while the news  
you will *give*.

P.—Did they make no excuses—no promise  
to pay ?

C.—Some tell me to call next April or  
May.

P.—Next April or May !—we shall starve  
before then,

The devil, I think, has got into some  
men.

Next April or May !—my subscribers  
are mad—

Go dun them again, and say, cash must  
be had !

C.—Go dun them again !—I have dunn'd  
till I'm sick :

Six months, for my board, I have run  
upon tick,—

My landlord has growl'd, that I pay  
not a cent,

And swears I must pay, or he can't pay  
his rent.

P.—They have dollars, by dozens, to go to  
the play,

At balls and assemblies *some* shine very  
gay,

But, *pay your subscription* !—they have  
not a shilling !

C.—They have it, I guess, but to pay are  
unwilling.

P.—Since the day that old Noah came out  
of his ark,

I am sorry to say, but am forced to re-  
mark,

For some mischief committed, some  
crime, or some sin,

There na'er were such times as the  
times we are in.

The maker of paper has dunn'd me—  
so, so,—

And his money must have, or to jail I  
must go.

C.—The maker of paper !—the landlord  
is nigh,

And a bailiff attends him—you'll see  
by and by.

P. A Bailiff !—'odzooks, it is time to take  
care,

As soon would I meet with a wolf or a  
bear.

C. If they do not pay you, you cannot pay  
me,  
Next winter is coming, and sir, do ye  
see,  
Unless pretty shortly our landlords we  
pay  
I strongly suspect we must both run  
away.

P.—I hope not so bad—but before that we  
run,  
Accost them again, with a positive dun,  
Be modest and mild when you ask for  
our dues,  
But tell them, *no pay, and we give you  
no news.*

F.

## WALTZING.

The Fashionable German *Waltz* Dance,  
is said to have originated in the mode adopt-  
ed by the Scotch women, two of whom get  
into a tub, alternately following each other  
round the inner edge, or treading together  
in the middle, till the clothes are clean !  
Sometimes a bonnie lassie treads with her  
gallant—and then the washing is done right  
merrily.—The idea was ingenious enough,  
for a phlegmatic German, to transpose the  
dance from the *tub* to the *assembly room*—  
where *washing* might be done in rather a  
more *genteel* style. As to the *merits* of the  
dance we express no opinion—but a mod-  
ern poet has thus addressed

## THE WALTZER :

If sweet woman was deck'd with the graces  
of Heav'n,  
To display their full lustre in man's kind-  
ling view ;  
To move in the dance if that bright form  
was given,  
Then I yield up my heart, pretty *Waltzer*,  
to you.

If sweet woman was form'd for the tumult  
of pleasure,  
If a tear must ne'er visit those bright eyes  
of blue ;  
Then follow, thou fair one, the rapturous  
measure,  
For I give up my heart, pretty *Waltzer*, to  
you:

But if woman was deck'd with the graces  
of Heav'n,  
To conceal their full lustre from man's  
kindling view :  
If a temple for virtue that bright form was  
given,  
Then I yield not my heart, pretty *Waltzer*,  
to you.  
But if woman was form'd for a tenderer  
pleasure,  
If a tear would adorn those two bright  
eyes of blue ;  
Then follow, thou fair one, the rapturous  
measure,  
But I give not my heart, pretty *Waltzer*  
to you. *Boston Gaz.*

## THE COUNTRY BEAU AND FOOL.

As a fool at the fair,  
Was once making fools stare,  
With his whimsical tricks and grimaces,  
A country beau,  
Thought his wit he would shew,  
Ask'd the man why he made such wry faces ;  
Why he caper'd and danc'd,  
And thus foolishly pranc'd,  
Still making himself such a tool ;  
" And prythee," says he,  
" Now tell unto me,  
What's the reason you're acting the fool ?"  
" Why I play the fool here,  
I'll soon make it appear,  
And my reason you'll readily grant,  
That both you and me,  
The whole world must agree,  
Play the fool, Sir, entirely thro' want.  
I can tell you still more,  
Tho' a country bore,  
The right nail on the head I oft hit,  
That the fool here I play,  
To get money each day,  
But you, Sir, for want of more wit."

## THE SEASON.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

THE short'ning day, the dark'ning clouds,  
Declare th' approach of Winter near ;  
The falling leaves and lifeless flow'rs,  
A sullen, gloomy aspect wear.  
In vain I listen thro' the woods,  
Their pleasing melody is o'er ;  
A sullen silence reigns around,  
Or howling winds tumultuous roar.

The vernal season now is past,  
And all its smiling beauties fled;  
The fields have lost their gay attire,  
And all their glowing charms lie dead.

Such, and so transient is our bliss,  
So fading are all earthly joys;  
The dazzling glories of the world  
Are all but empty, glitt'ring toys.

O let us then direct our hearts  
To scenes of pure delight and peace,  
Where joys unfading ever bloom,  
Extatic joys that never cease!

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### NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1816.

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## Intelligence.

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From late Foreign Papers.

Most deplorable accounts (says a late London paper) continue to be received from the continent, of the deficiency of the harvest. From Munich they write most despondingly, and the people are seriously alarmed for fear of a famine.

Lord Exmouth, having completed his business in the Mediterranean, left Gibraltar about the 16th Sept. for England. Previous to his leaving Algiers, he had embarked and sent to their respective nations, 1033 christian slaves; and 2000 more were collecting at Bona, Oran, &c. and ships were in readiness to take them on board the moment they should arrive.

In the bombardment of Algiers the Dey's palace is said to have suffered greatly, as there was scarcely a house in the town that did not receive injury. The Consuls, and others who were at Algiers, gave it as their opinion, that another hour's firing would have levelled the city with the ground; and the officers who landed after the action concurred in this opinion, that they thought the upper part, at least, of the houses would in that time be brought down by the fire.

It is computed that the Algerines had 700 pieces of cannon mounted, to the fire of which the British fleet was exposed for more than nine hours.

Dr. MITCHELL of this city, in a letter to a friend in Washington, writing among other things, about the fossil geology around New-York, says 'I am satisfied that I have before me the remains of fourteen animals raised from the strata under ground, that are no longer inhabitants of this world; their whole races having become extinct. Why it has pleased the Creator thus to destroy the beings which he once formed, I know not! But the actual specimens now before me prove the existence, in former days, around New-York, of an amphibious reptile resembling the famous fossil crocodile of Maestric; of an elephant peculiar to America; of a rhinoceros different from that of the transatlantic countries; of the great mastoden; of an extinct oyster; of spirulus; of a madrepor—belemite—terebratula, &c. &c. not now found alive, and known only by their disinterred remains; besides the bones of land animals, relics of fishes, and various other memorable objects of this class. Thus, you see, we are taking independent ground, and doing business in earnest.'

In the allusion to the Rattlesnake, mentioned in our last, as having been killed at the foot of Vesey-Street, we copy the following from the Daily Gazette of Saturday last, viz;

"A few days since, one of these reptiles found its way into the city, it is supposed, in a load of hay or wood, and was discovered near the Washington Market, and killed. Two other Rattlesnakes were killed near the same place early on Wednesday morning last; but they were not brought to the city either in a load of hay, or in a hollow log—no, they were brought to the city on the back of a Showman, carefully secured in a small box, for speculative purposes. The owner of the Snakes, finding some difficulty in procuring house-room for them, put them, after dark, carefully under the stoop of a grocery-store, in Fulton-street, intending, early next morning, to take them away, and secure them in a handsome box, which he had ordered for the purpose of exhibition. It so happened, howex-



er, that a cartman, employed by the grocer, had occasion, very early in the morning, to move some boxes that were under the stoop, when he was alarmed by the hisses of the above reptiles. He soon discovered the snakes in a box, which he removed to the street, and having properly armed himself, broke the boxes and dispatched the serpents.

While the animals were yet curling their tails, and gasping their last, the showman appeared—and here an altercation and some hard words took place between the snake-man and the cartman, but no blows ensued. The owner of the snakes has commenced a prosecution against the cartman. The trial before a court of justice will be a novel one, and we hope will be faithfully reported for the City Hall Recorder.

The Legislature of Connecticut have appropriated the 145,000 dollars due that state from the United States, for advances made during the late war, as follows:—One third part to the use of the Presbyterian denomination of christians, for the support of the gospel; one third part to the Episcopalians for the support of a Bishop; one eighth to the Baptist Society; one-twelfth to the Methodist Society; and one seventh to Yale College—The remainder, if received, to remain in the Treasury till the next meeting of the Legislature.

On Monday morning the coroner was called to view the body of *Joseph Dickson*, cordial-distiller, a native of Ireland, who put an immediate end to his existence by shooting himself thro' the head with a musket, which he effected by putting a broomstick through the guard, placing the butt end on the ground, with the muzzle against his head, and pushing the broomstick with his foot. It shot away the greater part of his head—Verdict, insanity.

### NUPTIAL.

#### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Milnor. Mr Hezekiah Wheeler, to Miss Maria Beers

By the same, Mr. Joseph Mount, merchant, to Miss Jane Long,

By the rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Joseph Lathrop, jun. to Miss Jane Maria Lentner, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. James Brooks, to Miss Hester Speaight, daughter of Mr. Richard Speaight, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Myer, to Miss Lockey Bartow.

By the same, Mr. Henry Reed, to Miss Sarah Bartow.

By the same, Mr. Stephen Stanbury to Miss Ann Mount, daughter of Mr. Robert Mount

By the rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. George Klott, merchant, to Miss Margaret Trafford.

By the rev. John Williams, Capt. Jesse Rodman, to Miss Mary Ritch.

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. James Morrell, to Miss Ann Shatzel, daughter of Mr. William Shatzel.

By the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Dr. James Gale, of Cairo (N. Y.) to Mrs. Rebecca England of this city

By the same, Mr John Wootton, to Miss Rosina Archibald.

At Guilford, Conn ) by the rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Henry T. Reeves, of this city, son of the late Judge Reeves, of Queens County, (L. I.) to the amiable Miss Amanda Griswold, daughter of the late Mr. Ezra Griswold, of the former place.

### OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 42 persons during the Week ending on Saturday the 2d inst.

#### DIED.

Miss Jane Gibson, aged 17, daughter of Mr John Gibson.

Mr Drew Hall, aged 56.

Mrs. Mary Palmer, wife of Mr. Elihu Palmer, aged 54.

Mr John Benson, aged 45

Mrs. Elizabeth Archer, wife of Mr. Benjamin Archer, aged 36.

Mr. Robert Ditchfield,

On Wednesday the 6th inst. at his seat at Morrisania, county of Westchester, the Honorable GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, after a short but distressing illness, in the 65th year of his age. "We are not," says the Post, "sufficiently possessed of facts, to attempt even a sketch of the life of the illustrious deceased, but trust that the hand of some one of his intimate friends will not be wanting to form an outline, valuable for its interest, correctness and fidelity. He has filled a large space in the political history of this country, and his history will form a valuable article to the biographer.

## BONES.

EVERY Man, as Shandy says, has his hobby-horse—It is certain, however, that all men have bones—in their bodies a sufficient number, could they be contented; but they must forsooth have other bones.

The *Stateman's* bone is a good place—look at him while he picks it, what a snarling he makes if any one dares but approach it; there he keeps knowing and knowing, until a stronger cur snatches it from him; yet he never loses sight of his favourite bone.

Two *Great Dogs* snarled for many years about a bone, and just as they were about to divide it amicably, in comes a little *Puppy*, and snatching up the bone, ran away with it.

The *Lawyer* has his bone—a good fee—which he keeps mumbling at, until he can get no more marrow, then leaves off, in hopes of another.

The *Parson* has an ecclesiastical bone—a good living;—No cur snarls more when he has got it, but he is a spaniel all over before the bone is thrown at him; yet on the very sight of it cries "*Nolo Episopari*," which being interpreted is, *I am exceedingly glad to get at it*.

The *Physician*, too, has his bone, which is most commonly a bone of contention between him and the patient—the latter wishing to be well, and the former inclining to prolong the distemper.—There are pretty pickings from medical bones.

The *Merchant* has an excellent bone in time of war, called a contract—There is a deal of meat on his bone, and the juices and marrow are rich and palatable—But they are very extravagant masters who throw such bones to their dogs; they might serve to feed many a poor family.

The *Trading Justice* has many excellent bones. Indeed, every poor or rich devil who comes under his knowledge, is a bone which he will not throw into prison until he has picked it quite clean.

A *New Play* is an excellent bone for a *Critic*—and although he be most ignorantly toothless, he keeps mumbling

and mumbling it in his mouth, until he has beslabbered half the newspaper with it—This kind of cur barks loud, as well as snarls.—The managers of the winter Theatre promise several bones for them to pick; indeed, during the summer, which may be called the theatrical dog-days, they almost go mad.

Every man, therefore, has his bone—Every man will pick his bone, and keep it as long as he can.

## THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

## A BAKED POTATOE PUDDING.

Twelve ounces of potatoes, boiled, skinned, and mashed; one ounce of suet, and an ounce of good old cheese, grated fine. Mix these well with a small quantity of milk or cream, and as much boiling water as will bring it to the thickness of a stiff batter, and bake it in a tin dish. Hung-beef, grated fine, will give it a high flavour.

+ + +

## FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.

Take the white of an egg, into which put some powdered camphor and white sugar, beat it up till it froths, and make it into a poultice; spread it upon a fine linen rag, and apply it at night.

+ + +

REDNESS OF THE EYE-LIDS; OR,  
BLOOD-SHOT EYES.

Take some hyssop, and tie it up in a bit of muslin, put it into hot water, and bathe the eyes with it three or four times a day, keeping it moderately warm. Dragon's blood, powdered, may be put in the water.

## THE MUSEUM

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